its danger, "was in the case of Charles Darwin carefully checked by his determination to submit all his theories to all the possible tests." Finally Charles Darwin, speaking of himself, wrote: "It follows (and this often cost me dear) that one is always inclined to make up for the knowledge one lacks by unfounded hypotheses/' And that is precisely what Fabre reproaches him with; but how far we are from the lazy infatuation of which he accuses him also!

20

June

Probably there are no blackbirds at Cambo.[18]

The blackbird is the most consummate musician., the best poet among our birds; if Rostand had heard him sing, I hope that he would not have written *Chantecler.* But, for his drama, he had to have a victim to serve up to the crowd and on whom to pour out his mockery: he chose the true poet.[19]

21

June

Wonderful intellectual activity; I go into the avenue (yesterday) to read *Les Marges. (Flaubert's Notes.)* The accusation of moralizing (I a prude!) is made again. Injustice and deliberate bad faith make me ill. Wrote almost without stopping all afternoon (recollections of Em-Barka, Mohammed of Algiers, and the little fellow in Sousse). But, at night, complete insomnia until four in the morning. At three I light my lamp again and finish reading Darwin's *Journal of a Naturalist;* go to see the sunrise from the window of the other room.

Sleep never comes to me against a black background. Some vision always precedes it, by which I escape from the real; so that I can truthfully say that I never go to sleep without first dreaming.

IJuly

The memory of my absurd awkwardness still

torments me. It seems to me that the kind of remorse I feel wfll be somewhat diminished if I note it down here.

It was, I think, two days before my departure—in other words, a month ago; upon the insistent urging of Mme de Noailles and Mme Miihlfeld (I had encountered the latter at the former's house in the afternoon), I had gone to join them in their box at a rehearsal of the Eus-

[18] Cambo in the Basque country is where Edmond Rostand had his summer home*

[18] Rostand's last play, *Chanticleer,* the twilight of drama in verse, which suffered from the excessive publicity given it before its production in February 1910, relates with animal characters the fable of the poet in modem society. For tfostand, the poet-that is, himself-is personified by Ghantldeer the Cock, whereas the blackbkd represents a sort of villain.